

THE LIGUORIAN



EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS

CHICAGO

JUNE 20-24

IN THIS ISSUE

Father Tim Casey: On to Chicago.....	242
C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.	
Eucharistic Reflections	257
A. A. Thomas, C.Ss.R.	

JUNE—1926

Per Year, \$2.00; Canada and Foreign, \$2.25; Single Copies, 20c
REDEMPTORIST FATHERS, Box A, OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

(Cont.)

Blessed They Who Have Not Seen.....	241
T. Z. Austin, C.Ss.R.	
The Student Abroad.....	247
J. W. Brennan, C.Ss.R.	
The Maid of Orleans.....	253
Aug. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.	
Play Square: Chap. IV.....	265
J. R. Melvin, C.Ss.R.	
Catholic Anecdotes.....	276
Pointed Paragraphs.....	278
Our Lady's Page.....	283
Catholic Events.....	285
Book Reviews.....	287
Lucid Intervals.....	288

WHAT THEY WRITE US

"Its contents are all very interesting and we look forward with pleasure to its arrival."—Calif.

"Don't feel offended. But if it is convenient kindly send me the September number. I did not get it. And I don't like to miss any number."

"I just love to read your little magazine."—Ohio.

Subscription per year, \$2.00. Canada and Foreign, \$2.25. Single Copies, 20 cents.

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XIV.

JUNE, 1926

No. 6

Blessed They Who Have Not Seen

Once Jesus dwelt in Juda's land
(Had we but seen that face!)
Yet few there were that read in it
The Godhead's hidden grace.
Now, taught by faith, a child can boast
To have seen the Lord in a white Host!

His hand oft lay on fevered brows,
(Did that Hand touch our own!)
It gave these some new health and strength
And soothed a leper's moan.
Now, none so far—on sea or land,
But he can feel that healing Hand!

He blessed Judea's little ones
(Oh, mothers' joy and bliss!)
They crowded round the Lord one day
And sought His Hand to kiss.
Now mothers all, where'er they be
Can place their bairns on Jesus' knee.

One only on His breast reclined
(Oh, for that pillow sweet!)
Saint John, the loved disciple, there
Felt Jesus' dear Heart beat.
Now, none so poor but he can say:
My heart pillows my Lord today!

Oh, sigh not for the bliss of those
Who dwelt in other days;
Far greater is our happiness
Who tread life's later ways.
Now, every clime is Jesus' clime
And every day is Jesus' time.

T. Z. Austin, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

ON TO CHICAGO

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"I see, Father Tim, this Car-rdinal Mun de Lion do be plannin' a gr-rand parade for the middle av the month," said Michael O'Rafferty.

"Oh, you mean the Eucharistic Congress, Michael," replied Father Casey.

"I—I believe that's the name they give it in the pa-apers. However, they tells me 'tis a parade, an' congress have nothing to do wid it."

"The word 'congress,' Michael, means a meeting, a getting together," explained the priest. "When the men we elect get together in Washington, we call it a legislative congress. When the men who love our Eucharistic Lord, get together in Chicago to honor Him, we call that a Eucharistic Congress."

"They did well, thin, to make it Chicago. There's no place in the wur-ruld for parades like Chicago—barrin' mebbe, New York. I mind the time I was in Chicago av a St. Patrick's Day back in the nineties. The A. O. Haitch had a parade 'twould do yer eyes good to luk at. Down Mitchigan Avenoo they came wid the Stars an' Sthripes an' the green flag av Ireland—"

"Michael, you have got this wrong. It is not a parade that is bringing two million devoted lovers of the Blessed Sacrament to Chicago from every nation in the world. It is true that on one day of the Eucharistic Congress there will be a procession—not a parade, mind you—a procession. However, that procession will not be seen on Michigan Avenue. In fact, it will not be in Chicago at all, but out on the seminary grounds in the little town which is called Mundelein, after the zealous Cardinal."

Brave Michael's face fell. All his enthusiasm vanished before this sad disillusionment.

"Arrah, now, isn't that too bad! Isn't that too bad! Two million people commin' to the parade, an' the Car-rdinal takin' them out in the wuds where nobody can see them! Why, man alive, if he'd have that parade in Chicago, the way the Hibernians do, 'twould be a gr-rand advertisement for the Catholic Church in Amerikay and 'twould send the Ku Kluxers scurryin' to their holes like rats. 'Twould that."

"But that is not the purpose of the Eucharistic Congress, Michael. Hence, I say the march of millions around the lake out at the seminary is not a parade but a procession. You have a parade to show off yourself or your organization to the onlookers and to impress them with your importance; you have a procession to honor God, to make atonement to Him, and to implore His mercy. The eminent men from Italy and France and Germany and Ireland and all other countries, to say nothing of those from all parts of the United States, are not of the calibre that would make such a journey to satisfy their vanity. It takes a higher motive to bring them."

"A—a higher motive, is it?" said Michael, and he scratched his puzzled head.

"Michael," said the priest, abruptly, "God can do anything, can't He?"

"He can that."

"Suppose, for the love of us, He would come back to earth again—come right here to our own town and live in a cottage, say, down there on Broad Street, just as He used to live in the holy house of Nazareth. He could do that if He wanted to, couldn't He?"

"Shure He could, Yer Reverence, glory be to His holy name." And Michael reverently crossed himself.

"Suppose we would pay no attention to Him. We would go on with our daily work and our selfish pleasures just the same as if He had never come. The man of business, on his way to the office, meeting Him, would just give Him a cold stare and hurry on. The taxi driver would honk at Him to get out of the way or be run over. The drayman would keep on cursing and blaspheming at an unruly mule while He passed by. Some, perhaps, would even sneer at Him and make low, coarse jokes about His appearance and His conduct. What would you think of that?"

"Bad, bad intirely," said Michael.

"He is God, the Lord of heaven and earth. He made the world and everything in it. Every creature that exists is kept in existence by His omnipotent power. And here this great God stoops so low as to take a poor human body like ours and comes down to live in our own town to be near us, He loves us so. And we neglect Him, ignore Him, or worse, despise and insult Him. What would you think of that?"

"Bad, bad, intirely," repeated Michael.

"It would be bad, indeed. It would be a crime against the Creator. Reparation would have to be made to Him. The duty of making this reparation would be urgent, absolute. Everybody in the world that loved God would try to come here and make reparation to Him. They would not worry about who might see them or who might not see them. All their thoughts would be of Him. All their attention would be directed towards Him—to show Him, reverence Him, glorify Him, publicly and solemnly acknowledge Him king of heaven and earth. You see that, don't you, Michael?"

"I do, Yer Reverence."

"Then you see the meaning of the Eucharistic Congress. I said, suppose Jesus Christ, in His love for us would come to live in this city and the people would ignore or insult Him. That's no supposition, Michael, it's a fact. In the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, Jesus Christ has come to live in this city, and in every town and village in the world where there is a Catholic Church. How is He treated? He is ignored; He is insulted. Therefore, reparation must be made to Him. Therefore the Eucharistic Congress."

"The Eucharistic Congress," echoed Michael.

"The Eucharist consists of two things: Mass and Communion. You remember how the penny catechism used to put it: 'Holy Eucharist is the sacrament of the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, under the appearance of bread and wine.' In the Mass, Bread and Wine are changed into the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. That which, a moment before the Consecration, was nothing but bread and wine, after the Consecration, is no longer bread and wine. It is God; it is Jesus. It still looks and tastes like bread and wine; that is, it has the 'appearances' of bread and wine, but under these appearances Jesus Christ is present—Jesus Christ in His living glorified Body, just as He was on Easter morn. He is there on the altar offering Himself to His heavenly Father for us, sacrificing Himself for us and our salvation. Hence we call Mass the *sacrifice* of the Eucharist.

"But," continued Father Casey, "besides a sacrifice, it is also a sacrament. Jesus comes to us under these same 'appearances' to nourish our souls. Love seeks union with the beloved. The love of Jesus for us is so great that no other union would satisfy Him but that most intimate union of coming into us to be our divine food. We call this the *sacrament* of the Eucharist.

"Thus, Jesus Christ, our God, is here. He has come into this world to live with us, to be our saving Victim in the Mass, our divine Food in holy Communion. He is here. He has come to live among us. And how do we treat Him? In this country alone, there are nearly a hundred million who will not permit Him to enter their heart to nourish them with His divine Body. There are nearly ninety million who pass Him by as a stranger, if they do not do worse and despise Him as an impostor. He is Christ, our King; how very few there are who even so much as lift their hats in reverence when they pass before His palace! Whenever one of His friends is dying, He wishes to go to that friend in his agony to strengthen and comfort him against the supreme moment when the body and soul will be torn asunder. But He cannot go in kingly state, preceded by bells and torches, as the Church ritual prescribes, lest He be met with the derision and insults of His own creatures. The priest must carry Him secretly on this mission of love and mercy to the dying. At least on the feast of Corpus Christi He should be carried through the public streets in the midst of general rejoicing to receive due honor as King of the universe. But this cannot be done. His own creatures will not permit it; they would transform a reverent procession into a march of derision and ignominy. Fathers and mothers of families, who owe to Him their cherished children and their happy homes, ignore Him. Lawmakers and civil rulers, who have their authority from Him, make their laws and exercise their authority in the very shadow of the house where He dwells, with no more thought of Him, no more regard for His presence among them than if He were less than a dumb pagan idol. Even among the few who openly profess their belief in Him, many come into His very house to insult and maltreat Him by disrespectful behaviour or even by sacrilegious Communion. Now do you understand the purpose of the Eucharistic Congress? Now do you see why two million men and women, who love Jesus Christ in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, come from the four corners of the earth and gather in Chicago to do honor to their God? Now do you understand why they care nothing whether the procession takes its way through the heart of Chicago or retires to the seclusion of the seminary grounds? They are not there to see or to be seen. They are not thinking of others. They have but one thought in their mind, but one desire in their heart, to give glory to Jesus Christ and make reparation to Him for all the neglect and all the insults He daily receives in the wonderful sacrament of His love."

"Isn't the Cardinal the great man to think as that, now, an'—an' have all the good people come to Chicago?"

"The Cardinal is a great man and a great prelate, without doubt, but he does not claim credit for the idea of Eucharistic Congresses. This honor belongs to a woman. Marie Tamisier, an earnest Catholic Frenchwoman, got the idea and pleaded with her bishop until he convoked the first Eucharistic Congress at Lille, France, in the year 1881. From that time Eucharistic Congresses have been held at more or less regular intervals in various cities of the world, such as Paris, Rome, London, Jerusalem, Vienna, Amsterdam, Montreal. The meeting in Chicago will be the twenty-eighth Eucharistic Congress and the first to be held in the United States. We hope to see it surpass all preceding celebrations in the number participating and in the honor and glory given to Jesus Christ in the most Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist."

THE MOST IMPORTANT FACTOR

Some time ago the Dearborn Independent in an editorial delivered some emphatic remarks that ring true. They are evidently inspired by observation and common sense.

"Today," it said, "we hear a good deal about the training of children; but what about the training of parents? It is too much the custom at the present day to place the blame for the young man or young woman who has gone wrong on the schools, the colleges or the churches; but none of these institutions is originally charged with the upbringing of children.

"It is in the home that the child is raised, and it is in the home that it ought to be cared for. All other factors in the shaping of the characters of the boy or girl, good or bad, are more or less, external."

In the home all that was learned at school may be unlearned.

Shun all friendship which does not tend to your improvement.

Marriage changes the state, but, you may rely upon it, very rarely does it change the manners or morals.

The mark of a truly holy friendship, is to respect the person whom you address.

The Student Abroad

A CONCERT IN THE COLOSSEUM

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Times are changing swiftly in Rome; so swiftly in fact, that it is difficult to fulfill the rest of the old adage and change swiftly with them. Old ideas, old prejudices, as well as old and bitter facts tend to rivet one's mind to a settled anchorage and hold it fast while the march of progress proceeds.

Who would have thought, five years since—even three years for that matter—that the Flavian masterpiece—the Colosseum, consecrated by the blood of martyrs, desecrated by feudal strife, resurrected from its ruins before the fall of the Papal power in Rome, show-place of curious tourists ever since, till in recent times with the coming of better conditions it has been restored to its rightful position in the minds of all people as the central treasury of the most sacred memories of the earliest Christian history—would witness the assembling of royalty and clergy and military and citizens within its walls while from the golden throats of Rome's best songsters under the direction of Rome's best active maestro would trill the praises of God and His Mother as interpreted and translated into music by the peerless Giovanni Pierlugi da Palestrina?

The advance notices promised an occasion that would be unforgettable. The promise was more than realized. In fact the performance had to be repeated by request.

The first performance took place on March 27 and the other on March 30; the second having extra numbers on the program; all the music rendered, however, representing the classical vocal music of the sixteenth century. The artists were from the Roman Polyphonic Society, and the conductor, Msgr. Raffaele Casimiri, also director of the famous choir in the Pope's own Basilica, St. John Lateran.

Over an hour before the beginning of the concert, which was given for the benefit of the War Orphans, all the roads leading into the area of the Colosseum were patrolled by lines of Fascisti soldiers and extra forces of Carabinieri. Sounds terrible; the explanation is easy. The Italians don't wait till the disturbance is started to exercise control; there is no danger of the operation called "crashing the gate" when

the first entrance is about half a block away from the gate. At the same time, the early arrivals began to filter into the gigantic edifice, for, due to the present condition of the ruin, positions of genuine advantage are necessarily few. When the time arrived for the first number, only half of the great crowd had assembled; true to form, the concert was marked to begin at half past five and really started some time after six. Hundreds of American and English visitors were in their places waiting anxiously for the first notes to float over the vast arena long before the choir put in its appearance.

It made a striking sight, viewed from the height of the only gallery left open for the evening. Directly across the arena and just about in the place where in the olden days, the Emperor's box was situated, a stage had been put up with a canvas wall and roof to reflect the sound forward. The section of the arena still remaining was filled with chairs for those holding tickets for reserved seats. On the other side of the arena and just in front of the section where the Vestals used to watch the "games" and decide with a motion of their thumbs the ultimate fate of a defeated gladiator, a row of chairs had been placed and held in reserve for the clergy. Above the first line of ruined supports, and standing in what must have been the aisle running in back of the first balcony seats, a large crowd of visitors and music lovers were assembled, the assembly extending practically all around the amphitheatre. However, at one end, opposite to the entrance, and also on the plane of this gallery, a special place had been set aside for the royal patrons and patronesses of the affair. Of these, her majesty, Queen Helena, was president.

A remarkable feature of the moments of waiting was the comparative stillness with which the immense gathering assembled. It seemed as though the sacred associations of the place had filled everyone with a feeling of awe, as well they might. Laughing and joking, groups would approach the temporary ticket offices outside, pass the sombre entrance, climb the ancient brick stairs to the upper level or pick their way through the semi-dusk of the lower supports of the immense pile, finally enter and from then on, hold their conversation in muffled undertones. Even the selling of programs was carried on so quietly that one had to search for them. An American remarked on the difference between this method of selling programs and what would occur if a similar affair were to be held in the open air in America. Long before

the music began, even the murmur of conversation had died away. It seemed as though the place was growing on the audience. Twilight set in and the gaunt grey ruins, with their mysterious shadows playing around the prisons and the animal cages and the remains of arches and staircases, and the moss-covered buttresses and the jagged upper story with its crumbling cornice, forced one to reflect on the significance of the place.

Amid the applause of the assembled audience, scattered around the vast extent, the choir entered and took their places on the platform. A silence, profound as that of the tomb fell upon the place. A swift, energetic signal from the conductor, and from those golden throats, rang the musical command, the opening salutation of the first number, *Laudate Dominum*. The music floated over the arena in clear, bell-like tones, the voices singing in five parts producing indescribable harmonies. Then like the sudden changes of color in the sunset sky, the music swung into the rhythmic lilt of a hymn of praise. 'Praise the Lord because He is good, praise His name because it is sweet,' they sang. 'All that He hath willed, He hath done on earth and in heaven.' The magician Palestrina here sent the singers scurrying to musical heights and musical depths in sharp contrast, to depict the unity of the high heavens and the profound depths in rendering praise to God. The tones died away, seeming to follow the last vestiges of the twilight into the remote distance. For a few moments there was no applause; the sheer beauty of the rendering had stunned the audience.

And what an education it was! The director after opening with a masterpiece by the master Palestrina himself, selected for the next number a beautiful motet by Marenzo, a master of the Venetian School, surnamed the "Swan of Brescia." Note the words: "The innocent infants were killed for Christ; while still at their mothers' breasts, they were murdered by an iniquitous king; they follow the Lamb, Himself without stain, and always say, 'Glory to Thee, O Lord.'" As usual with these early masters, the music follows the significance of the words, each enhancing the meaning of the other. And so here, the mournful lament over the massacre of the innocents blends into a soft and beautifully pathetic strain descriptive of the infants sleeping in the mothers' arms, the musical contrast following exactly the contrast of ideas characteristic of Hebrew poetry and then swinging back into the triumphant Gloria. The entire number is colored with the impres-

sion of innocence and candor. Again the limpid final tones die out in the darkness and again the audience is hushed.* The applause, spontaneous, enthusiastic applause, when it does come, seems to be an after thought.

Following another splendid number by Palestrina, there was a superb Ave Maria by a master of the Flemish School, Josquin de Pres, who flourished about the year 1500 and was a forerunner of Palestrina in this type of music.

About this time, a number of officials began crawling around over the ruined parapets and walls, carrying with them torches with which they lighted the little lamps that had been placed at short intervals in the brickwork. Tiny fireflies they seemed as they tossed their flames to and fro in the gentle breeze. At the same time, other officials lit fuses hidden behind ruined walls and between the openings that formerly were splendid doors or galleries. What a sight! The huddled figures gingerly picking their way over the not too safe ruins, the long, flaming torches and the long, straggling rows of twinkling lights. Then from a position beneath the royal section, a squad of Italian soldiers turned on a powerful military searchlight, and threw its snow-white beam against the canvas ceiling above the heads of the singers; from beneath this mellow spot-light, mellow because of the effect of the canvas on the light, came the sublime strains of the sacred song of love from the Canticle of Canticles, 'I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved to tell Him that I am languishing with love. . . . My beloved is white and ruddy, chosen from thousands.' Again the master of masters, Palestrina. Arranged in five parts, the voices of all the men and boys, probably fifty in all, wove a mantle of silvery harmony, delicate, shimmery, yet clarion-clear, that floated over the hushed audience like a veil fallen from the heavens.

Following this and again in contrasting strains, and also composed by Palestrina, came the lamentation of the Jews in Exile, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept."

This was one of the extra numbers in the second presentation of the concert, as was also the following sublime number, a number as thought-compelling in its significance as enthralling in its music. "Sinning daily and not repenting, the fear of death disturbs me because in hell there is no redemption. Have mercy on me, O God, and save me."

Every delicate artifice known to music was employed to bring out

the beauties of the artist's conception; for instance, after singing of the fear of death, there was an interruption followed by a change in melody denoting graphically the fear present in that last passing from life on earth to mysterious existence beyond the grave, followed by the profoundly moving plea for mercy.

A thoughtful listener begins to realize what musical treasures lie hid in dust-covered manuscripts, relics of those centuries of faith when geniuses in painting and sculpture and music consecrated their best efforts to the glory of God and the persons and things dear to God. And unconsciously one makes comparisons, not very flattering comparisons with the products of genius in this modern age with its materialistic sentimentalism and the natural result, artistic rubbish.

There was a pause in the program here, a happy pause; for the listeners would fain relax. Outside the Colosseum, the evening traffic was raising its bedlam of automobile sirens and horns, street car bells and general clamor. The noise entered feebly into the amphitheatre, enough to disturb the quiet but not enough to injure the music.

And the grand climax opened. "Exultate Deo adjutori nostro"—the musical command again rings over the sacred enclosure, and awakens echoes that once rang to the ribald shouts of the haters of Christianity. Again the voices depict the tones of the cymbals and tympana, the musical instruments of triumph in the days of the Old Testament. "Exult in God!" How opportune. Where humble saints had stood, bruised, mangled, despised, derided, crushed, apparently defeated; where their own fellowmen, sometimes their own flesh and blood, too had stood, glorying in a blood-fest that well-nigh beggars description, bereft for the time of every spark of human feeling and glorying in the exhibition of the lowest brutish instinct; now the spiritual descendants of these defeated saints, sing of triumph. "Glory to God, our aid!" And there is no ribald echo; only silence. The silence of reverence, the silence of awe. And hither and yon in the murky ruins, a myriad of tiny lights flicker and flame, and overhead, the bulky ruins tell of the earthly glory that is past. It would seem that every drop of martyr's blood that soaked into that sand and dyed those grey, gaunt rocks has taken voice and is crying to heaven, not for vengeance now, but in triumph. And the only echo aroused is aroused in the hearts of the listeners and they respond, "Yes, Glory to God!"

The last pianissimo tones died away softly. But the choir did not leave the stage. People wondered what was to occur now. Suddenly on every side, fireworks throwing a bright white flame, sprang into action against the darkness. The white turned swiftly to blood-red. And farther up among the murky galleries, a dull, green light threw a belt of brightness around the ruins. It was beautiful, and weird. Then against the northern sky, from the topmost rampart of the ruin, a stream of white fire shot toward the heavens and in a moment, a gigantic, vivid, white Cross stood out against the sky.

Yes, the times are changing, changing swiftly.

The promise, too, was kept; the occasion is unforgettable.

TOWARD A BETTER UNDERSTANDING

Dr. Charles H. Brent, formerly Bishop of Western New York and now "Bishop of Europe" of the Protestant Episcopal body, addressing a Christian unity conference at the Yale Club recently, after referring to "the unity of the Roman Catholic Church, which has 320,000,000 adherents" and whose "mission work is its life," added the following remarks:

"Indeed, the pity of it is that most of us know about the Roman Catholic Church, and her missions, and her work, chiefly from controversial literature, and not from the literature which is produced by the Church itself. I should feel that one of the chief aims of Protestantism today should be to understand the Roman Catholic Church from a study that is based upon her own statements and upon her own literature, and not upon any second-hand literature that may come within our reach.

"That is what we expect of the Roman Catholic Church, that she could consider our positions (for they are many) from the standpoint of our own thinkers. How can we expect the Roman Catholic Church to do that—and she does it, let me tell you—how can we expect her to do it, without ourselves, by deep study and careful reading, learning about her work and her life from her own literature."

"Prayer, after all, is the best way of working for others, because in active work we make so many blunders, whereas in prayer, we leave all to God; and He never makes a mistake." *"Mystic Voices."*

The Maid of Orleans

XXII. DARK DAYS OF CAPTIVITY

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

The deliverer of France, the inspired Maid, who had brought back courage to the hearts of Frenchmen and had taught them to be no longer quivering weaklings before the English invader, was now a prisoner in the hands of France's foes.

How did France respond to the news? Did swords leap from their scabbards? Did knights buckle on their armor and summon their men-at-arms to rescue or to die for the noble-hearted girl who had so generously and bravely risked her all for them and theirs? Did Charles try to free her from her captors by force of arms or by payment of a ransom? No. Throughout the length and breadth of that country not a single voice among the great, not a single hand was raised on her behalf. No one troubled himself about her except a few courtesans who through jealousy poisoned the King's mind against her. Not even her former comrades in arms, it seems—those whom she had so often led to victory, made any attempt to do anything for her now.

The people of the towns, indeed, gave public demonstrations of sorrow and held public prayers—they could do no more under the circumstances. They loudly blamed the soldiers and leaders for abandoning her; but they were the peasantry.

Joan was alone in the midst of foes who were bitter and cruel. The story of her dark days of captivity makes us shudder even while it makes us see more clearly how singularly simple and noble her soul was.

She came first into the power of John, Duke of Luxembourg, a Burgundian prince; it was one of his men who had dragged the Maid from her horse on that day before Compiegne. The Duke expected to realize a goodly sum from the French as a ransom for her. It was quite customary in those times to buy off valuable prisoners. But not a coin was offered for her by the French.

How Joan kept up her spirits nevertheless seems almost wonderful. She thought only of the fate of Compiegne and wished she might escape to aid the city. She did try and almost succeeded in getting out of her prison when a guard caught her. The Duke therefore had her taken to another castle, Beaurevoir, from which escape would be well-nigh impossible.

As the weeks lengthened into months and nothing was done to ransom her, nay, not even a word of cheer or hope came from those she had served so well, Joan began to fear that she would ultimately be given over to the English. What this would mean, she knew only too well. Besides, now for the first time, one of her captors, a young officer, attempted some familiarity with her. She became desperate.

"I was never in any prison," she said later in the course of her trial, "from which I would not gladly have escaped."

"Would you leave now, if you saw an opportunity of doing so?" her judges asked.

"If I saw the door open," was her answer, direct and plain as usual, "I would go. . . . It would be Our Lord's permission. . . . If I saw the door open and I saw that my guards and the Englishmen could not prevent it, I would understand that I was given leave to go, and that God had sent me help. But without His leave I would not go, unless I were to attempt it in order to learn whether it was God's pleasure, according to our French proverb: 'Help thyself and God will help thee.'"

This is sound theology and common sense. Joan's mind must have been unusually clear. So now under the restraint of her imprisonment, impelled by her desire to help Compiègne and especially excited by the attempt of the young officer (Joan was only nineteen), she thought again of her flight. Her cell was in a high tower. As she looked down from the little window the thought came stronger than ever. Perhaps she felt that it was a desperate chance, for afterwards she grieved because she might have offended God in making the attempt. But this thought may have come to her, too, only after her failure. At any rate, gathering her bed-clothes, she made a rope of them, fastening one end to a bar. It reached only half way to the ground; the rest she thought she could leap. But unfortunately, the improvised rope broke when she had scarcely begun to descend and she fell the whole distance of sixty feet. At the foot of the wall she lay unconscious until, having been missed, she was found by the guards.

Her Saints must have helped her, for though she was picked up and carried to her cell unconscious, she was not hurt. Her Saints, she tells us later in her trial, rebuked her for her attempt, but told her to go to confession and God would comfort her. They revealed to her also that God would come to the aid of Compiègne before the middle

of November. In fact, the city was relieved by a force under the Count of Vendome in the early part of the month.

XXIII. DARKER DAYS IN AN ENGLISH PRISON.

It must be said that while Joan was a prisoner in the hands of the Burgundians, she was fairly well treated. The women folk of the household of the Duke of Luxembourg, who dwelt in the same castle, were especially kind to her. They grew very fond of the pious, gentle girl. But Duke John was in some financial straits and this impelled him to make offers to the English to sell the Maid to them.

So Joan was betrayed and sold and had to set out shortly for Normandy to be given over into the power of the English.

The faculty of the University of Paris, which city was then in English hands, no doubt to curry favor with their English masters, at once addressed a letter to Henry VI, as King of "France and England," congratulating him on at last getting the Maid into his hands and urging him to have her brought to trial at once.

"We are glad of it," they wrote, "and we hope that by your good direction, this woman will quickly be brought to judgment, in order to repair the great evils and the notorious scandals which have occurred in this country on her account, to the great prejudice of the divine honor, our holy Faith and of your good people.

"And because it especially pertains to us, according to our profession, to extirpate these manifest iniquities, when our faith is injured, we cannot abet the long delay in bringing this woman to trial.

"And though we have written repeatedly and do still write on this matter to you, our most noble sovereign, lord and father, while professing our very humble and loyal solicitude not to seem negligent in a matter so important and necessary, we very humbly supplicate you, for the honor of Jesus Christ, and we earnestly implore your Excellence, to be pleased to order that this woman be placed as soon as possible in the hands of the justice of the Church, that is to say, in the hands of the Reverend father in God, our honored Lord Bishop and Count of Beauvais (the infamous Cauchon!) as well as of the Inquisitor of France." And so on.

This from Frenchmen! Its truculency is abhorrent. It was well that they said: The justice of the Church, *that is to say*, of Bishop Cauchon. It places their spirit and their aims in the right light.

Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, seldom residing in his see, aspired to the Archbishopric of Rouen, which was now in the grant of the English.

Joan's doom was sealed. She was brought to Rouen to be imprisoned there under English guard. When she arrived before the tower, she had to pass through a crowd of lords in rich garments, whose very looks betrayed their hatred and desire for revenge. She could not fail to notice it. Hitherto she had met no harshness; now she was to experience the full horror of being a prisoner of her deadly foes, the English.

Within her cell was an iron cage which had been specially made for her and in this she was fastened with heavy chains by waist, feet and neck. Five soldiers watched her day and night. No woman was allowed to approach her. She asked for a priest that she might go to confession and receive Holy Communion and was refused. Indeed, the details of her imprisonment make one sick and indignant.

For six weeks she was kept thus—from December to January 9. Then her trial began. The English were bent on one issue; it must end in Joan's death. There was only one way to accomplish this: To have her condemned for relapse in witchcraft and heresy. And there was only one way of succeeding in that: To have a biased judge and a packed jury. In the hands of her enemies, with no friend to aid her, this was simple; it was a foregone conclusion.

Meanwhile her Voices had appeared to Joan in prison. We know not what they told her. But they left her consoled and strengthened. One day, one of the guards attempted to touch her. With her chained hand she dealt him a blow that sent him reeling.

(To be continued.)

It is a very delicate and serious thing to enter into an agreement to pass the whole of your life with a person who is only half known to you.

A good husband, or a prudent wife, is preferable to all the riches of the world.

"To remain always young one must be always amiable."

Eucharistic Reflections

THE REAL PRESENCE

A. A. THOMAS, C.Ss.R.

We as true Americans are accustomed to insist that our children in school learn the history of our glorious country. We ourselves, from time to time, read over the past glories of our country, the story of our heroes from George Washington even to John Pershing.

Now what is the reason? Do we do so in order to prove to ourselves that George Washington really lived?—in order to prove to ourselves that the war of 1776 was really a war for our independence? Do we go back over our country's history because we doubt its grandeur and must convince ourselves of it anew?

No, not at all. We have no doubts. We would not consider a moment's doubt loyal. But we love to recall those scenes which give so much glory to our land and which have brought so many benefits to us. It braces us up, it makes us prouder to bear our name, it makes us realize the better the debt of gratitude we owe to our own United States.

For the same reason we ought to reflect upon the mysteries of our Holy Faith. Our Faith is the charter of freedom and salvation for our souls. We ought to go back in spirit to its origin, we ought to reflect upon the mysteries it contains, we ought to repeat in mind the scenes so solemn in which they were given to us.

Now that the great Eucharistic Congress of Chicago is upon us, it would be well, in order to give us a right understanding of its purpose, to make a few reflections on the beginning upon earth of that wonderful dwelling among us of Our Lord in His Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, wherein, having closed his mortal career by His death and ascension into heaven, He still dwells with us, really and truly, God and Man, entirely and substantially as He dwelt on earth, but in a hidden and veiled manner.

Not as if we doubted it—indeed not. We drank in that story with our mother's milk, at her knees we heard it in childhood, every day of our lives we enjoyed its benefits; we doubt it as little as we doubt the wholesomeness of our daily food. But conscious of the treasures we possess and conscious of Jesus' love in giving us the Blessed Sacrament, let us reflect on how He accomplished this greatest of wonders.

With this in mind, open up then the Sacred Book, the Life of Our Lord, the Gospels; three things will strike you at first glance: Jesus had the power to give us Himself in the Blessed Sacrament—He desired to do so—and He actually did so.

I. "AS ONE HAVING POWER"

History has preserved for us a very striking story of the great Napoleon. On the evening of the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon, then at the zenith of his power, sat in his imperial tent, reviewing the results of the day. An officer of the army who had been guilty of a dishonorable act was brought before him; he came with spotless uniform, glittering crosses and badges and marks of distinction. When Napoleon heard the charge of cowardice brought against the officer, he rose and angrily shouted at him: "I am ashamed of you—an officer of our army! From this moment you are degraded and cease to be an officer!"

The next moment they brought in a private soldier—all tattered and wounded and begrimed with the dust and dirt and blood of the battlefield; but he had displayed great heroism. Looking with pride at the ragged man, the Emperor rose, saluted him, and said: "You are a credit to France, my man! From this moment you are an officer in Napoleon's army. Captain, I salute you!"

Now take notice! Napoleon merely used these words—a mere act of his will to unmake the first man and to make the second an officer. The first still wore his epaulets and spurs and badges of honor—but from that moment those were mere signs without a meaning. The second man still stood there in his ragged uniform; he had no epaulets, no spurs, no badges of honor, no marks upon his uniform; and yet, every man that passed him by saluted him—for he was an officer in all reality. Beneath the outward dress of a private, everyone recognized the officer, made such by the will and power of the great Napoleon.

So, too, in regard to our Blessed Lord, when He promised to give His Body and Blood to be our food and when He took bread into His sacred hands and said: This is my Body; there was no apparent change to indicate that the bread had undergone a change—that it was no longer ordinary bread; outwardly, as far as eye could see, it was the same as before—but in reality, its white form hid the Body and Blood of God really and truly present, with all that He is and has, His Body.

His soul, His manhood, His divinity. For the will and power of Christ our God is almighty.

That same voice spoke at the dawn of creation: Let the earth be made; let the sun and the stars and the worlds of heaven be made and begin their wanderings through space. And lo! at that act of His will—in obedience to that command, the march of the spheres began. Realize what that means.

(a) On a clear starlit night, one can discern more than 4,000 stars with the naked eye; with the aid of a good opera glass you can see 100,000; a telescope will double that number, and the stronger that telescope the more thousands of stars come into view. The great "Lick Telescope" on Mt. Whitney in California whose lens is three feet in diameter, reveals about 100,000,000 stars, and probably there are many thousands more. A great professor of astronomy says: "The total number of stars is to be counted by the hundreds of millions."

(b) Now, how large are these stars? To us they seem to be little flickering lights, no larger, no brighter than a tiny electric bulb; why, many not even so bright. Is it not so? Yet, what are they in reality? You would say: Is not this exaggeration? It is not. I am giving you the figures of science. Our earth is 8,000 miles in diameter; 25,000 around. The planet Uranus, one of the nearest to our earth, is 32,000 miles in diameter or four times as large as our earth. And yet, you cannot even see that star with the naked eye—so small it seems. Jupiter is 1,300 times the size of our earth. The great star which Almighty God has set in our heavens to give us warmth and heat and happiness—our sun—has a volume over one million times that of the earth. If you imagined the sun to be a great hollow ball, you could throw 1,300,000 globes as large as our earth into it, and you would hardly fill it! We can hardly form an idea of such a body. And yet, scientists tell us, this sun of ours is small compared with the great number of fixed stars—those apparently flickering lights in the sky.

Now, all this the voice of God called into being when in the beginning of creation He said: Let there be light! and there was light. That same voice spoke on that first Maundy Thursday night, in words just as simple through the human lips of Jesus: This is my Body! Have we then any reason to say: This is not His Body—it cannot be it!

That same voice said to the blind: Be seeing!—and they saw; He

said to the lame: Be strong!—and they walked; to the deaf: Open your ears and hear!—and they heard; to the sick: Be healed!—and they were healed on the instant; to the leprous: I will, be thou clean!—and on the instant the scales of leprosy fell from them; to the storm at sea: Be calm!—and it was calm; to the dead; yes, to the dead—dead even for three days and already rotting in the tomb, he said: Come forth, arise!—and at that voice their cheeks looked rosy again, their eyes beamed, their hearts beat with life—they lived!

That same voice said: This is my Body! This is my Blood! Who shall dare say it is not?

Let us bow down with eyes of faith and adore our Almighty God and Saviour, who has used the power of omnipotence in order to give Himself to us in the Blessed Sacrament. Indeed, He had the power to give Himself to us in the Blessed Sacrament.

II. HE DESIRED TO GIVE US THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Let us open the Sacred Scriptures again and we shall see how God desired to give Himself to us in the Sacrament of the Altar.

I will not refer to the many signs of this desire which He gave all through the pages of the Old Testament. The tree of life planted in the garden of Paradise—the walking of God at twilight with Adam and Eve, the manna that fell from heaven, the blood of the lamb sprinkled on the doorposts of the homes of the Israelites that the Angel of Death might pass them by, the bread brought by the angel to the prophet Elias, in the strength of which he walked forty days and forty nights. No, I shall not refer to all these figures of the Eucharist by which God through all the ages before Christ showed the desire He had of one day giving us the wonderful food of the Blessed Sacrament.

But I shall simply refer to the clearest evidence of this desire—our Lord's own promise that He would one day give us His own flesh and blood to be nourishment of our souls.

Again, then, take up the Sacred Scriptures and open at the 6th chapter of St. John and read those solemn words. I do not ask you to have recourse to learned reasoning and erudite investigation; for God speaks to all men, the simple as well as the learned in books, and hence, I ask you only to take the words of Our Lord and give them their common sense meaning.

TENOR OF THE CONTEXT.

In the first place see how plain Our Lord's words are—repeated

again and again, each time with more emphasis: "The bread which I shall give is my flesh for the life of the world." "My flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed!" (John 6-56). "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life and I will raise him up in the last day." Nay, He even says: "Amen, Amen, I say to you: Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you." And in another place: "I have told you before it come to pass: That when it shall come to pass you may believe" (John 14-29).

Now, I simply ask, can anything be plainer than these words? What would be the sense of this constant reference to "eating and drinking," to "food," to "meat and drink," "flesh and blood"—what would be the sense of the constant repetition of the command to eat His flesh and drink His blood—if he did not mean it?

FIGURATIVE MEANING—FOOLISH.

Could there be some figurative meaning in these words? Absolutely speaking it is not impossible. We know that "to eat one's flesh, to drink one's blood" is used in the figurative sense in two or three passages of the Old Testament. But here the meaning is fairly the same as in our modern phrase: To eat one alive—that is, to hate someone, to abominate someone. Now, could Our Lord by any manner of means, have meant that here? It is out of the question, it would make His words foolish.

No, if Our Lord really meant to promise us His own flesh and blood as the food of our souls, He could not have used clearer or more forcible language—could He? And, on the other hand, if He did not really mean to give us His flesh and blood, if He merely meant that we should love Him and believe His doctrine, was He not then purposely exposing Himself to be misunderstood by the people in a serious matter? Everyone admits His words are exceptionally strong and clear.

CONDUCT OF THE AUDIENCE.

Now, let us see how the people understood Him. They understood Him in the obvious sense—just as you and I understand Him. This is clear from their conduct and from Our Lord's.

In the first place: They shook their heads—they looked at Our Lord as if to make sure whether He is speaking seriously or not—and then, as Scripture says, they said to one another:

"It is hard saying who shall bear it"; as if to say: "What in the

world does He mean?" As His words sound, their first and most apparent meaning is, He will give us His own Body to be our food! It is impossible! It cannot be!

Now, what did Christ do? Is it not clear—here if ever He must explain Himself. If He truly loved these people as He said time and again—if He really wished their salvation—if He really wished that they should cling to His Gospel—He cannot let these people be deceived by a mere figure of rhetoric—by the ambiguity of His language. If He intends to die in order to save them, would it not be foolish on His part to let them be lost by a figure of rhetoric? Surely, if ever, *now* Our Lord must say: "Stop, my dear people, you misunderstood me! Come back and I will explain it all to you."

OUR LORD EXPLAINS.

Time and again Our Lord does explain Himself this way. For instance, you remember the time Our Lord spoke to Nicodemus about the necessity of baptism in John 3. Our Lord said: "Amen, Amen, I say to you, unless a man be born again he shall not see the Kingdom of God." Now, Nicodemus could not understand how a man of his age could be born again—could return, as he put it, to his mother's womb, to be born anew. Jesus saw his difficulty and explained graciously: It is not of such rebirth I am speaking to you—I refer to a spiritual rebirth, namely, by water and the Holy Spirit.

And that other case of far less importance, mentioned in chapter IV of St. John's Gospel when Our Lord had been speaking to the adulterous woman at Jacob's well, while the apostles were gone to the city to buy bread. When the apostles returned they put the bread before Our Lord saying: Master, eat! But He said: I have a food to eat which you know not. How is this, said the apostles to one another; did someone bring Him food while we were gone? Jesus saw they understood His words in the literal sense in which He did not at all mean them and therefore, to clear up the misunderstanding, He explains Himself. You have not understood my words correctly, He says: The bread I refer to is not real bread—but my food is to do the will of Him that sent me—that is my life!

And so you will find similar cases in Chapter VIII, 39, Chapter VIII, 37, Chapter XI, 11 of St. John's Gospel and in Chapter XVI, 6 of St. Matthew's Gospel and in several other passages. It shows us this one thing, that when Our Lord sees that He is misunderstood by the people in any serious matter, He is wont to explain Himself.

EMPHATIC REPETITION.

Now, then, we have seen how the people understood Our Lord in this case. What does Our Lord do? Does He explain Himself? Does He say: My dear people, wait, you misunderstand me? On the contrary. He repeats what He said before in still clearer and stronger terms. He uses an oath and He adds a threat that makes one's heart stand still.

You may find it hard to believe my words, He seems to say, you may leave me. But—"Amen, Amen, I say to you, except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life and I shall raise him up in the last day! For my flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed."

Nothing could be clearer, nothing could be stronger. The people understand. They remember all His miracles—they remembered how they had listened with delight to all His preaching until now; but this is too much for them. He really means to give His flesh to be their food. It is impossible, they say, and they turn away and leave Him! Jesus sees them go, sees them turn away from Him, the divine Truth, the only Saviour of the world. How He longed to bring them back—one word of explanation would do it—but He does not speak it because He means what He says.

So the people understood Him as we understand Him and as Our Lord evidently wished to be understood.

THE APOSTLES.

Now, let us see how the apostles understood Our Lord's words. On several occasions it happened that Our Lord spoke to the people in parables—without explaining everything to the people. But then when they were gone, and He was alone with His apostles He would explain and clear up their difficulties.

Turn, for instance, to Chapter XIII of St. Matthew. There Our Lord tells the people the parable of the sower and his seed. But He does not explain it. When the people are gone, however, He explains it minutely to the apostles, telling them who the sower is—what the seed means—what the cockle stands for—what the soil means and so on. Similar cases you will find in Matthew XIV, and in various other passages.

Now, in our case, when big crowds had turned away from Him,

Our Lord turns to His disciples; He sees some of them wavering, troubled and hesitating and slowly departing with the rest. Surely He loved His disciples—He had chosen them specially—surely He will explain to them as He had done so often before. But no! He seems to say to them: You have heard my words—strange and wonderful as they may sound, I mean them. That is all there is to it. If you believe me, remain with me; if you will not believe me, you may go—now, He adds: “Will you, too, leave me?”

The apostles leave us no doubt even for a moment as to how they understood Our Lord’s words. It seems wonderful to them; it seems strange to them. But they recall that He is God, the God of miracles and the God of truth, and therefore, whether they can understand it or not, they must believe or be untrue to Him. Therefore, Peter in the name of all kneels before his divine Master and humbly says: “Lord, to whom shall we go if we leave Thee? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life.”

If anything is clear it is simply this: “The apostles understood Our Lord’s words in the same way as the people: He would give them His flesh to eat and His blood to drink—to be the food of their souls unto life everlasting. Our Lord’s words then, are extremely clear; they are understood in their literal sense by the people and the apostles; and Our Lord, by His refusal to explain shows that He wishes His words to be understood in this way and in no other.

(To be continued.)

YOUTHFUL WISDOM

Professor Hartmann, of the University of Chicago, makes a statement that must seem fairly startling to a Catholic.

“An investigation,” he says, “of several freshmen classes in different colleges revealed that eighty per cent of those entering college have given up Christianity, do not believe in prayer, and do not consider it necessary to take God into account in their life plans.”

These young people, just beginning college, must know!

“He is my best friend who tells me of my faults.”—*St. Gregory.*

Amusements and diversions—in certain cases and with the proper conditions—are not contrary to virtue.

Play Square

IV. ABE LINCOLN AND THE CODE

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

In the club car of the fastest train the Pennsylvania Railroad boasts Tom Brawley sat ensconced in ease and ruminated on the events of what had been his happiest day in many years.

Overwhelmed at the warmth of the welcome accorded him by Father Dan and by the sight of his son, Tom had been swept into the priest's dining room ere he had time to demur. During the bounteous repast prepared by the good priest's ancient and dour but efficient house-keeper, Father Dan had chatted amiably about Tom's present outlook and future plans. Father Dan had been enthusiastic in his eulogies of Tom, Jr., and his sister Mary. Then he had digressed to sport and the power of the sporting spirit not only for enkindling enthusiasm in youth but of imbuing America's young manhood with the real American spirit of bigness and generosity and broad-mindedness and fair play.

"Tom Brawley, I liked sports in college—I like them still though the time has almost arrived when the condition of my arteries will compel me to confine my activities to the sidelines and the grandstand. I have found sport the biggest asset in my fight to make the boys of this section clean-hearted, strong-bodied, one hundred per cent Americans. Believe me, man," and Father Dan swung an emphatic fork to add stress to his argument, "what the K.K.K. and other bigots like them need is to acquire the sporting spirit of fair play. Look at that football team of mine; Brawley, Issenstein, Cifello, Stein, Birzunski, Gallupolis—say, the line-up sounds like an inspector at Ellis Island calling the list of immigrants—but those boys are more than friends to one another—they are real brothers and I think, or rather hope, they'll carry that spirit into later life and be a real credit to their district, their city and their country."

"Ah, there's the hard part of it, Father dear," said Tom, "I had as much sporting spirit as any boy at college—but look how I slipped."

"You slipped, yes," said Father Dan, "but you didn't lose that sporting spirit. It asserted itself frequently and if you give it a fair chance it will be your salvation. The warden told me most of your rebellions at—at—well, at the jail—were due to your getting vexed

at some lack of fair play on the part of prison authorities to yourself or some other prisoner. Whether the grievance was real or fancied, it came invariably for your love of a square deal and a desire to see the weaker fellow get 'the breaks of the game.' Where did you get that spirit? Not in the company of the crowd who led to your downfall, but on the diamond, the gridiron, the running track at college."

"Right, Father," said Tom argumentatively. "I grant that. But why didn't the sporting spirit assert itself and make me give my wife and kiddies a square deal—instead of breaking poor Mary's heart and leaving my children nothing but a dishonored name?"

"Because you didn't give God the same deal that you tried to give your fellowman," said the priest. "Ah, Tom, man, that's where my job comes in. As soon as you began to lose your love for your faith and your duties to God, you began to slip also in your duties as an athlete, then as a husband and father and finally as a citizen. Remember, the good Lord, when He was on earth put the whole philosophy of man's rule of life into two commandments: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and thy neighbor as thyself.' You can't take one commandment and leave the other go. Human nature is so selfish that it can't always be square and generous to the other fellow unless a man loves his neighbor out of love for God and has God helping him overcome the meanness and weakness of human nature. My boys, even the youngest of them, see this readily. So they soon learn to pray for help to overcome their faults and to reach the ideal of manliness I insist on as a requisite for belonging to one of our teams."

"That's fine for your Catholic boys, Father," said Tom, "but doesn't it get you into trouble with those outside the Faith?"

"Ha-ha-haa!" laughed the priest. "Not at all, Tom; not at all, though I am afraid it will sooner or later. You see, I don't make any distinction when it comes to sports, though thank God, I think I have some sort of hold on every lad in my parish through my summer camp and my parish clubs and my school and the teams. Regarding the others, at least they all believe in a God and I teach them to live up to their belief whatever it may be. Why, Tom, man, the Jewish Rabbi and the Lutheran minister swear by me. They say I've done a lot more for them by making their boys at least respectful to their religion, although I am afraid if they knew the whole story they would not be

so enthusiastic about me. You know how quick American boys are at grasping things. Well, some of my non-Catholic lads are getting a great love for the Church."

"No wonder, when they have a priest like you for a friend," said Tom earnestly. "But then you are an exception. You don't find all priests taking such an interest in sports."

"No, not at present," said the priest. "I concede that, Tom. But they are learning the value of sports in the development of men. Say, this will strike you funny. But honestly, I believe the Pope will write a letter to the world about sports sooner or later."

"Now you are teasing, Father Dan," said Tom, laughing. "The Holy Father is too busy with world problems to bother about sports."

"That's where you are wrong, Tom," replied Father Dan earnestly. "Rome is quick to see the advantage of every good thing. The war taught Europeans a whole lot about Americans in general and Rome learned a lot about American Catholics in particular. I think the world will admit that there are no cleaner, more fervent Catholics on earth than our American boys, and, believe me, Rome realizes that the American spirit of Faith owes a whole lot to the American sporting spirit."

"Ah, say Father, what does Rome know about baseball and football?" asked Tom. "Soon you will be telling me that the Vatican gets the scores by wireless."

"No-o-o, not directly and intimately is the Vatican acquainted with American sports, but Rome does see and appreciate the results of American sports in the character of Americans and she is big enough and broad enough to make proper use of it." Father Dan looked disgustedly at Tom whose face still showed his skeptical disbelief of the force of the priest's arguments. "Now, see here, Tom, the Holy Father does appreciate this sporting spirit of ours. Hasn't he asked the K. of C. to found athletic and recreational centers in various parts of Italy similar to the one which they founded in Rome at his suggestion? That shows he appreciates us, doesn't it?"

"To some extent, certainly," said Tom. "But it does not prove that the Holy Father believes it will help religion directly. He simply wants the Italian boys to have the same advantages as our boys enjoy. They tell me he was always interested in sport and since our American boys walk off with all the Olympic championships he wants the boys to develop the American spirit."

"You are right, Tom," said Father Dan, "but you don't go far enough. The spirit of the boy is the spirit of the future man. Our spirit on the athletic field—the spirit of deep earnestness, of generosity to the opponent, of clean playing and clean living, to say nothing of the self-denial required to keep in good shape—all influence us for good and help us to be better Catholics. Rome knows that America's brand of Roman Catholicity has acquired ruggedness and stability from our enthusiastic, athletic sporting spirit."

"Do you mean to tell me the Vatican believes that stuff?" asked Tom. "If they know what a home run or a touchdown is, then they probably understand it requires patience and skill, to say nothing of brute strength to deliver the goods in football or baseball," said Tom. "But as to how they figure a good ball player is a better Catholic than a fellow who thinks Babe Ruth is a movie actress, I can't see."

"We can argue all day and you will not grasp my point, I see," said the priest. "But here is a story that will illustrate my point nicely. Recently I met a Roman dignitary who is chiefly interested in foreign missions, though he is making a tour of this country to report conditions of the Church in the United States to the Vatican. He asked me how I would like to go to the foreign missions and I laughed and told him I had enough foreign mission right here on the East Side with my Jews and Greeks and Chinese and Poles and Italians."

"Perhaps he was thinking of making you a Bishop," said Tom enthusiastically. "I think you would make a wonderful Bishop, Father Dan."

"Nonsense," said Father Dan. "They don't make Bishops that way and the purple would not match my complexion at all. But when he spoke of foreign missions I asked what he thought of American foreign missionaries who are already in the 'field afar.' He said with an eloquent gesture: 'Ah, they are splendid—splendid. We have given the American foreign missionaries the worst places, they have the poorest and most difficult missions—why in one place lately given to your Americans, the French priests had been for thirty years and gave up in despair.'"

"What's the big idea of then giving it to Americans?" asked Tom, hotly. "They think, I suppose, Americans will be good sports and just pour their dollars into China to back up our priests."

Father Dan laughed. "The very remark I made to His Grace,"

said he. "But he rebuked me nicely. 'That is secondary in God's work—money—,' said he, 'though it is true Americans at home will be more than generous. But the real reason why we have given you the worst, the hardest 'field afar' in which to labor is because the Holy Father feels, and all who know agree with him, you cannot discourage an American. The harder the work, the more discouraging the task—the more earnestly does he work and labor for success. You showed that in the war—but you learned it not on the battlefield but on the playing field. Rome hopes your American foreign missionaries will be what you call 'a good sport.' Now Tom Brawley, does Rome realize what sports have done for the Church in the United States?'"

"You win, Father Dan," said Tom. "After that there is nothing more to be said."

"In my interest in sports here I am preaching to you and forgetting my duties as host," said Father Dan ruefully. "Have another piece of pie, Tom!"

"No—thanks, Father," said Tom. "Really I couldn't take another bite. This has been a wonderful meal. I can't tell you how I appreciate your goodness to me."

"Don't speak of it," said Father Dan with a deprecatory wave of his hand. "I am expecting great things of you, Tom, man, and besides, the meal gave me a chance to air my theories to a sympathetic listener. It's seldom I have company for my meals. Now come into the library and we'll smoke a good cigar. Alderman Foley sent me an elegant box for Thanksgiving."

Over the cigars Father Dan turned to Tom's personal affairs. "Your daughter Mary will be here shortly Tom," said he. "I want you to see her. She's a wonderful girl. Good as gold and a regular little mother to your boy. But that doesn't mean she isn't a real girl. She enjoys life to the full and never misses a good time that doesn't interfere with her duties. She's a daily communicant and will make a wonderful nun some day, I suppose. For it's my belief that the most cheerful and light-hearted girls make the best Sisters."

"Father Dan!" said Tom with a tear in his eye, "I'll never, never, be able to tell you or show you my gratitude for all you have done for my children. Believe me, I'll make good—if not for their sake, then for yours."

"Say, rather, for God's sake, Tom," said the good priest, "and with

His help. Anything I have done I have done for Him and with His help and that of His Blessed Mother. It is my only joy and happiness to train up good young men and women for God right here in the devil's own camping grounds. I need not tell you this is a hard district, and and God only knows my heart almost breaks at times to see how many go astray in spite of all I can do.

"Tom—Tom—I'm happy to see you here today. I want you to make good—and I know you will—but all the good resolutions in the world won't help you unless you use prayer and the Sacraments as helps. How often do you go to Holy Communion?"

Tom hung his head. "To tell the truth, Father, I have been to Communion only twice in the last year. I didn't think I was fit to go oftener."

"That's where men make their biggest mistake," said Father Dan. "If we looked to worthiness and holiness as a test for approaching the altar, the angels of God themselves would not be pure enough to receive Holy Communion. But Our Lord Himself said: 'The well need not a physician, but those who are sick.' The greatest medicine to strengthen human weakness, to drive out the uncleanness of human imperfections is the Body and Blood of Christ. Tom, you'll have to promise me to go to Holy Communion every week."

"I'll do whatever you say, Father, but God knows I'm not worthy," said Tom.

"Holy Communion itself will make you worthy. You are willing to fight evil, aren't you?"

"You bet your life," said Tom, earnestly.

"Well, then, that's that. You go to the altar weekly and the fight is won," and the good priest reached out his hand which Tom shook fervently.

"Now, Tom, before Mary comes we had better settle your future. By the way, though, I don't think it well for you to talk to her. She is the image of your dead wife and you might break down."

"Not only that, but I simply couldn't face the child after all I did," said Tom.

"That doesn't enter into the question at all," said Father Dan, "though I do think it best to wait till you've made good, before you make yourself known to the children. Some day that will come and the hope of it will make an added incentive for you in the struggle."

"You are right, Father," said Tom. "Therefore it was my idea to take an assumed name and begin all over again."

"A good idea, Tom," said the priest. "Was there any particular name you had in view?"

"No—any name will do as long as it's Irish," said Tom. Father Dan laughed merrily. "Blood is thicker than water," quoth he. "Well, Tom, here's a suggestion. Why not call yourself Wynn—William Wynn is an Irish name and might mean something to you besides."

"Fine Father," ejaculated Tom. "William Wynn. I see. Father—I, Will Wynn, will win—just wait and see."

"Good," said the priest. "Now about your plans. You say you are to meet Mr. Gary at five o'clock."

"Yes, Father," replied Tom—or Will as we are henceforth to know him, and may as well begin to call him. "He is to purchase my ticket and lend me enough money to give me a start when I reach Marty's place."

"You will find Marty a fine type, now," said Father Dan. "Since he stopped the drink and quit the ring he has only one passion and that is to make his charges a credit not only to him but to the country as well. You'll find the 'Sportsman's Prayer' in a prominent place in every room of his 'college' as he calls his ranch. 'He'll be a good friend to you, Tom.'"

"Seems I've met a lot of good friends since I came out of jail," said Wynn—a lot more than I deserve."

"Well, then," said the priest, "remember the kindness you have received, when in the future you meet some other fellow who is down but not out."

"I'll do that little thing," said the pseudo Will. A bell rang at the side of the room and the priest rose.

"I suppose that is Mary, your Mary, Tom," said he. "Come with me. You can stay nearby in the office."

Tom sat in the place assigned him by the priest and watched with hungry eyes the slim, golden-haired girl who, accompanied by her brother, chatted vivaciously with the good priest all unaware of the man who watched them with tears streaming down his cheeks. Finally, the man hidden in the office bowed his head in his hands and sobbed bitterly. Thus Father Dan Dowling found him when he quietly opened the door and stood beside him.

"Tom, man, brace up," said the priest. "I felt it would be this way, otherwise I would have allowed you to talk to them."

"Oh, Father Dan, I couldn't—I couldn't," sobbed Brawley. "Has it ever struck you, Father, those two are the dead images of Mary and myself when first we met? Tom looks just as I did in my school days and Mary, the girl—my God, Father, she looks like her mother come to life again."

"Yes, yes, Tom," said the priest gently, "and your boy and girl are just as pure and clean and pious as Mary and you were then. Surely, it ought to be easy to make good for their sake."

"I will—I will, Father, please God," were Tom's last words on this subject.

Shortly afterwards Tom Brawley, henceforth to be known to the world as "Will Wynn," knelt humbly for the blessing of the good priest and bade him a hearty farewell. At parting, the good, old pastor had pressed the remainder of the box of cigars upon the ex-convict. Good Father Dan would fain have increased Tom's store of ready cash, but the ex-convict had determinedly refused, knowing full well that every spare dollar owned by the "Shepherd of the Goats" was wont to be lavished on the poor and the needy, or spent in providing much needed recreation for his boys.

The remainder of the afternoon, until time for his appointment with Gary, Wynn had spent atop various Fifth Avenue busses viewing from this vantage-point once familiar scenes. Time had changed the metropolis in many respects, for, New York City is constantly changing to meet the exigencies of the day and hour. His meeting and talk with Gary had provided another pleasant time. The detective accompanied him to his train and had bidden him godspeed with a hearty handclasp. No wonder then, that Tom Brawley, now by Father Dan's direction—Will Wynn, sat with contentment writ in every feature and reviewed from his cozy seat in the club car each incident of the day replete with happiness.

High resolve filled the heart of Will Wynn and yet temptation hovered near, if temptation could be called the incident which occurred shortly before the train reached Chicago. Several times in the course of his evening in the club car Wynn had noticed a stranger, whose face nevertheless seemed vaguely familiar, surveying him intently. He was seated alone at a late breakfast next morning when this passenger came

and seated himself at the opposite side of the table. While the waiter hurried to prepare the stranger's order of ham and eggs, the latter laid his hands upon the table. Swiftly, silently, cautiously he clasped his hands and wiggled his fingers in a sign known supposedly only to the underworld and convicts. Wynn was about to answer the sign, when caution got the better of him. Instead, he laughed and said, "Good morning, friend, wonderful day, isn't it?"

His fellow passenger surveyed him coldly. "What's the big idea? Don't you know an old acquaintance, Brawley?" asked the fellow.

"Beg pardon, but I fail to recognize you," said Will. "Besides, my name is Wynn."

The man opposite grinned and winked. "Of course, Mr. Wynn," said he, knowingly, "any name goes among friends like us. Listen. Remember the guy you swam to help out of the Hudson when you yourself had a bullet in you?" Tom's eyes flashed an involuntary acknowledgment. "You do, eh? Well, I'm that guy, though you would never know me in this outfit. I feel I'm pretty well disguised. Have to be. The gang pulled a job in New York, see, and made their way to Chi. I had to hide out and am on my way to join them. But I never forget a favor. So what say—I'll put you in with the bunch and you'll be on velvet."

"What's the lay?" queried Wynn, curiosity getting the better of his resolve to have nothing to do with the crook.

"Shoving the queer," responded the crook. "Shoving the queer" is the underworld parlance for counterfeiting and passing of the same false coin. "We've got a wonderful plant and a half-buck piece that fooled even the dies in New York post office."—Be it known to the reader that banks and Federal offices are provided with special dies for testing specie—"I'll O.K. you with the mob, and you'll be all set."

"Sorry, pal, but I'm not stopping in Chi. I'm on my way to Frisco," said Wynn. "Besides, I'm not interested. I'm going straight. That's why I changed my name. I want to get away from everything. Thanks for the offer just the same."

"You're a fool," said the crook. "A man can't go straight. I tried it and they framed me plenty. But have your way. You gotta lot to learn. Mum's the word though."

"Sure," said Wynn, "you know I never was a squealer or a stool-pigeon up the river. Mebbe I got a lot to learn, bo, but believe me,

fifteen years was a long time. I've had plenty, thank you. Good-bye." Tom rose and left the table. The conversation had been conducted in the whisper characteristic of crookdom and had taken less than five minutes. However, Tom had just left the dining car and was passing through a car composed entirely of compartments when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder and a voice said: "Just a minute, Brawley. I want a word with you."

Tom brushed the hand from his shoulder and turned. "My name's not Brawley, but Wynn, sir," he grated. Kindly leave your hands off me."

A coat, carelessly brushed aside, revealed a Federal badge, dreaded above all else by crooks, an authoritative thumb motioned him into the compartment whose door the detective had flung open.

Tom entered and sat shudderingly. Was the shadow of the Law always to fall thus athwart his path in life?

The detective sat down beside Wynn or Brawley—whichever we care to style him now—and said: "Have a cigar, man."

"You've got nothing on me," said Tom, taking the cigar.

"You are right, Tom," said the detective musingly, "fifteen years is a long, long time."

"How on earth did you hear that?" asked Tom amazedly. "I didn't see you within earshot, though now I do remember you were at the other end of the diner."

"As a matter of fact, I didn't hear it. I saw it," said the officer.

"Saw it?" questioned Tom in surprise.

"Yes, I happen to be one of many lip-readers on the Federal force," said the detective. "You know, it isn't only deaf and dumb people who have learned that system of understanding what people are talking about. I just wanted to congratulate you on not having taken a false step. Gary told me all about you. I'm glad to see you are on the right path. As for your erst-while companion, he's on his way to Atlanta this time. Myself and a companion are trailing him. He'll lead us to the hideout of the rest of the gang in Chicago and we'll give them all a free ride back to New York."

"Gee, I feel like tipping the poor guy off," said Tom half rising.

"Wouldn't do him a bit o' good and would only get you into trouble," said the officer calmly. "While our friend is eating his ham and eggs, my buddy is searching his baggage. Enough evidence to give

him ten years is in his suitcase alone. Want to stay with us as a witness?"

"Not on your life," said Tom earnestly.

"No need of it, fortunately," said the detective. "I just told you the story to show you it is impossible to beat the Law. It gets the crook sooner or later. Let this be a lesson to you."

"Thanks for the help," said Tom. "But I didn't need the lesson. I am in dead earnest; about going straight, I mean."

"It's the only safe way," said the detective. "Now run along before your friend sees you with me and suspects you of squealing when we pinch him. Good-bye and good luck." With a handshake the officer ushered Tom out of the door.

(To be continued.)

THE SUBJUGATING FORCE OF SANCTITY

An Anglican admirer of the holy Curé of Ars, St. John B. Vianney, writing of "this charming, humble, saintly priest," says:

"Except for one or two abortive attempts to retire into solitude, he never went outside his parish. He never said or did a single thing to attract attention to himself; and yet thousands of people—as many as 80,000 in a year, they say—flocked to the insignificant South Burgundian village just as earlier Christians had flocked to some holy man in the desert, simply to see him and hear him and take counsel with him concerning the welfare of their souls. One must admit that it is one of the secrets of the strength of the Roman Catholic Church that she can point to a recent confessor of the type of the Curé of Ars. The subjugating force of sanctity is as old as the hills and as enduring."

A LITTLE

"My Lord!" exclaimed a devout soul, "give me every day a little work to occupy my mind; a little suffering to sanctify my spirit; a little good to do to comfort my heart."

"Not a bad prayer, is it?"

"We know not what we are or might be. As the seed has a tree within it, so men have within them angels."—Cardinal Newman.

Catholic Anecdotes

HISTORY OF THE CONGRESS

The Eucharistic Congress is but the latest manifestation of this devotion. The movement had its origin in the piety of a devout French woman, Marie Tamissier, at whose solicitation Bishop Gaston de Segur convened the first Congress at Lille, France, June 21, 1881. This congress was attended by about 3,000 persons representing nine nationalities. Explaining the purpose of that first meeting, the venerable Bishop said:

"It is quite evident that the great evils of the day, not merely in France but throughout the whole Christian world, are traceable to the denial of Jesus Christ. Secularization has been the watchword of the enemies of God and their purpose has been to keep religion and the supernatural away from the hearts of men. Our purpose is to open a way to man's heart for Jesus Christ to enter, and this purpose can be attained only by means of the Holy Eucharist."

The following year the Congress was held at Avignon and was attended by more than six thousand persons. Liege was selected for the Congress of 1883 at which assembled 10,000 Catholics from all parts of the world.

When the fourth Congress convened at Fribourg, Switzerland, added thousands of the clergy and laity met to participate in its ceremonies and deliberations. At the seventh Congress held at Antwerp, Belgium, in 1890, the popularity of the Congress movement was evidenced by the presence of more than 150,000 persons.

The pilgrims assembled in Jerusalem in 1893 for the ninth Eucharistic Congress, and on the Mount of Olives, where tradition states that the agony of Christ, before His betrayal, occurred, the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament took place.

The Eucharistic Congresses following the one in Jerusalem were held at Reims, France, 1894; Paray-le-Monial, France, 1897; at Brussels, Belgium, 1898; Lourdes, France, 1899, where 30,000 priests

attended the Congress and took part in the processions. The thirteenth Congress met at Angers in 1901; Namur, Belgium, was chosen for the following year; and the fifteenth Congress went to Angoulême, France.

Pope Pius X added to the solemnity of the sixteenth Congress, which was held at Rome, by celebrating Mass and receiving the delegates in special audiences. This Eucharistic Congress was held in Rome at the urgent request of the Pope.

Tournai, Belgium, and Metz, were the cities of the seventeenth and eighteenth meetings, in 1906 and 1907. Each year the assemblies had become more international in their character, and it was decided to hold the nineteenth Congress in London. Cardinal Bourne, then Archbishop of Westminster, had invited the delegates to the first Eucharistic Congress to be held among, and under the auspices of, English-speaking people.

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, who was the Papal Legate to the London Congress, was the first of such Legates to visit England for more than three centuries. He was greeted by an enthusiastic reception and escorted by a body of English noblemen in the procession to the Westminster Cathedral. With Cardinal Vanutelli were six other Cardinals, fourteen Archbishops, seventy Bishops, and great numbers of Priests and members of the laity. The London Congress was considered the greatest of all Eucharistic Congresses up to its time.

The twentieth Congress was held in Cologne, in 1909, and the following year the first Congress in the Western Hemisphere was held in Montreal.

In the succeeding years the Eucharistic Congresses met in Madrid, Vienna, Malta, and in Lourdes in 1914. The World War interrupted the annual meetings, but after a lapse of eight years, the next Congress, the twenty-sixth, met in Rome in 1922.

Amsterdam was the gathering place in 1924 for the thousands of devoted pilgrims from many countries who assembled in the great Dutch city and its "sportpark" for the Congress ceremonies.

It is to Montreal, however, that one must look in estimating the possibilities of the Congress to be held in Chicago next June.

Fifteen years ago, 715,000 visitors journeyed to the Canadian city for the Eucharistic meeting. Since that time, devotion to the Holy Eucharist has very greatly increased as is evidenced by the almost incredible growth of the practice of frequent communion.

Pointed Paragraphs

CHICAGO, THE CITY OF THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

Chicago is, by its geographical position, admirably situated for such an international gathering. Where the Montreal of fifteen years ago was served by two railroads, Chicago is now the greatest railroad center of the world, with fifty-three roads either making their terminals or having junctions there. One-half the population of the United States is within a night's ride, and 8,000,000 persons live within a radius of 150 miles from the city. Every day, 50,000 visitors arrive and depart from the city.

It is estimated that upwards of 1,000,000 persons will journey to Chicago for the five-day meeting there next June. These people will come not only from all parts of the nation but from the four corners of the earth as well. Already, there are assurances of the presence of substantial groups from England, Ireland, Poland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Germany, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Croatia and Slavonia. There are special groups being formed in Canada and Mexico, from two of the republics of Central America and from Colombia, Peru, Argentine, Chile, Brazil, Paraguay and Ecuador. From the Far East, from China and Japan and the Philippines will come small but representative groups and it is expected that representatives from both India and Africa will participate in the Chicago assemblies.

From all over the world will come Cardinals, bishops and priests of the Catholic church. All these, together with great numbers of the laity, will have a part in the Eucharistic ceremonies, in the meetings and deliberations and in the great open-air procession which is to be held on the closing day of the Congress. It is freely predicted that, outside the city of Rome, never before will there have been assembled a larger gathering of ecclesiastics.

For more than a year twenty-three committees of both clergy and laity of the city of Chicago have been working away with the preparations for the Congress. These gentlemen are engaged in

caring for the reception, transportation, housing, feeding and general welfare of Chicago's guests during their stay in the city. To meet with the situation brought about by the presence of more than a million visitors in the city a special housing committee has been organized. This body is now engaged in making a survey of the private homes of Chicago in an effort to locate accommodations for a million guests, above and beyond the throngs which are to be housed in hotels and boarding houses. Recently, more than 770,000 questionnaires were distributed in all the Catholic churches of the city as part of the campaign to locate suitable accommodations.

Conferences have been held with railroad officials and representatives of steamship lines, to arrange for special rates for persons coming to the Congress and to organize all transportation facilities to bring them to Chicago in safety and comfort. Pullman and dining cars will be sidetracked and used, where possible, for sleeping and restaurant purposes.

The commissary committee, after a series of conferences with Chicago food producers, has announced that it will be able to care for the Congress crowds in matters of provisions and food supplies. Special efforts will be made to prevent any profiteering, and restaurants and hotels will be asked to cooperate with the committee by adopting a standard scale of prices.

PROGRAM OF THE CONGRESS

The principal meetings of the Congress will be held in the huge stadium known as "Soldiers' Field," on the lake front of Chicago; in the famous Coliseum; and at the Theological Seminary of St. Mary of the Lake at Mundelein, Ill. An exhibition of ecclesiastical art in painting, sculpturing, etc., will be housed in Chicago's Municipal Pier.

The Congress will open Sunday, June 20th. It is planned to celebrate Midnight Mass in all the Catholic churches of the city and to have a million Catholics receive Holy Communion, which is to be offered to the Pope as a "spiritual bouquet." Priests from all parts of the country will be invited to come to the city a week ahead of time and assist in the hearing of the confessions and in the distribution of Communion.

The formal opening will take place at noon on the same day

with solemn ceremonies in the Cathedral of the Holy Name. This ceremony, celebrated with all the liturgical beauty of the Church, will be the occasion of an address by the Cardinal Legate, representing the Pope.

The second day, a Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated in Soldiers' Field in Grant Park. This stadium, built last year as a memorial to the Chicago soldiers who fought in the World War, will accommodate 160,000 persons. One of the visiting Cardinals will celebrate the Mass, and a choir of 50,000 children from the parochial schools will sing. By use of the microphone and loud speakers, every member of the vast congregation will be able to hear the words of the sermon and the Mass.

In the famous old Coliseum, scene of many national conventions, the principal meetings of the Congress will be held. Two meetings will be held there every day: One at two o'clock, and another at five o'clock. Sixteen large halls throughout the city have been engaged for sectional meetings of the national groups.

His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, has selected as the general subject for discussions at the Congress, "The Holy Eucharist and the Christian Life."

Women will play a greater part in the meetings at Chicago than in any previous Congress. The third day of the Congress will be their special day, and a Pontifical High Mass will be sung in the Stadium, with a choir of the nuns of Chicago and visiting religious, thousands of whom are expected to be present.

The Holy Name Society of Chicago, one of the largest and most active units of the national body, will be in charge of the meeting on Tuesday evening, when all of the male Congressists and the men of the Chicago archdiocese will assemble in the Stadium. Cardinal Mundelein, a visiting prelate, and a prominent layman will deliver addresses.

Wednesday, the fourth day of the Congress, will be devoted to the interests of Catholic higher education. Representatives from Catholic universities and academies, from all parts of the country, will be present at the Mass and at the meetings; students from Chicago colleges and high schools will sing the Mass.

The great pageant of the Congress will be the Eucharistic procession which will be the outstanding feature of the ceremonies on the last day. Thousands of the clergy, in their ecclesiastical robes, and mem-

bers of the laity from all over the world, will march through the grounds of the Diocesan Seminary at Mundelein.

The buildings of the new Chicago Seminary stand on a terrace surrounded by 1200 acres of lawns and forest lands. The colorful procession will wind around the walks of the Seminary and circle the beautiful little lake on which the buildings of the Seminary face. Floats in honor of the Holy Eucharist; a flotilla of decorated ships in the lake; and the brilliant vestments of the Hierarchy and clergy; will make the greatest and most beautiful religious pageant which America has ever witnessed. Numbers of choirs will be stationed along the line of march to sing the hymns of the Congress.

Already evidences of the international interest in this Congress are being shown. A recent contest for a prize hymn brought thousands of responses, not only from America but also from the countries of Europe. An interest almost as great was also displayed in a contest for a poster to be used throughout the world to announce the Congress. Every day requests for information are received at the general offices of the Congress. Dispatches from abroad state that many pilgrimages are being formed by Catholics who are eager to attend the first Congress to be held in the United States.

His Eminence, George Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, is Sponsor for the great Congress, and the Rt. Rev. Thomas Heylen, Bishop of Namur, is President of the Permanent Committee. The Rt. Rev. E. F. Hoban, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, is President of the Executive Staff, and the Very Rev. Monsignor C. J. Quille is General Secretary.

Further information may be had at the offices of the XXVIII International Eucharistic Congress, Cathedral Square, Chicago, Illinois.

"NOT OLD ENOUGH"

Sister Mary, writing in America, on "Testing for Vocations," comes to this conclusion: "The age of sixteen is the age of greatest natural interest in deciding the question of vocation. It is also the age at which a normal person is intellectually capable of reaching a decision on this question. Moreover, it is an age of great plasticity and, therefore, capable of being wisely directed." She then answers an objection only too often put by fond parents tainted with worldliness:

"Really she is so young, only seventeen. You know, Sister, you would never approve of her marrying at that age, if that were her vocation. Then why should she take this step so soon? In four or five years she will be old enough to know what she wants to do."

"Her conclusion is false," says Sister Mary. "She is 'old enough' to 'know' at seventeen. Yet what of the first part of the argument? Would we approve of a young lady of seventeen marrying? No! is the only possible answer here. The reason is that she is not old enough to assume the responsibilities of married life at seventeen. But she is old enough to decide that marriage is her vocation in life and to prepare herself, physically, mentally and morally to be an ideal Christian wife and mother. Indeed, she is not only old enough, but she should do so. It is a false philosophy that will teach the eighty per cent of our girls who will certainly marry, to pretend up to the very day of the Nuptial Mass, almost, that they are not going to marry, and reinforce these pretensions by the avoidance of any preparation for their future duties.

"On the other hand, the girl with a religious vocation, is old enough to take the first steps toward shouldering the responsibilities of her life work. It will be over two years, and usually a considerably longer period, before she accepts her responsibilities irrevocably.

"Again Holy Mother Church demonstrates her wisdom. It was precisely that aspirants to the religious life could receive the most adequate training for their vocational work, without the danger of immature decisions, that a postulate, a novitiate, and a period under temporary vows has been provided. The wisdom of this arrangement is apparent.

"The futility of waiting for no other purpose than that of adding years to one's life (and incidentally trifling with grace) is equally apparent."

Some persons eat but little and always enjoy good health; others eat a great deal and are never well.

The soldier who fears and loves his God, fears no danger, not even death itself.

True friendship, in courtship, consists in the mutual edification of one another.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

PARENTHOOD

During the Flu epidemic of 1918 I was called out one day to attend an entire family. My informant of conditions in the house was a girl of about 16. She was deaf and dumb from her sixth year as a result of spinal meningitis. Notwithstanding her handicap she was a good informant and reliable.

I went as directed and found in the home of a good, honest and hard-working man thirteen cases of flu. Father and mother were down along with eleven of their children. Three children were up and about as always with not a trace of any ailment.

The Doctor happened in while I was there. When he had finished his visit to each and every bedside, I asked whether there was any danger to anyone of the stricken "multitude." Being a good Catholic himself as was also this entire family, he promptly said to me: "Father, not one of these is going to die. True, they are very sick, more sick than many others who have passed away, but I assure you that not one of them will leave us." Strange, I thought, that he should be so sure of his prediction. I asked him for a reason for being so insistent that not one of them would pass away. "Well," he said, "there is entirely too much devotion to Our Lady of Perpetual Help in that family. Everyone of them, even the baby, has a medal of the Blessed Mother of Perpetual Help somewhere about them. And, led by their father and mother, or by their 'deaf' sister they are praying to her all day long. Such faith must have a hearing. See if I am not right." With that he left. I remained quite a while longer going from one to the other and asking them all about their pains and aches, etc., and teasing the one and consoling the other.

I visited at that home almost every day for about two weeks to "keep an eye on them." After all had recovered, as the doctor had predicted, I spent a Sunday afternoon among the tribe. Happier children and happier parents one does not meet often. And I had the

time of my life, as we say, for even the baby took a liking to me and would be just as contented in my arms as in those of its mother and older sisters.

"Father, we prayed so much to our Mother of Perpetual Help, that is why we all got well," said the father of the family, among other things, that afternoon.

I found out that he was but a poor man when he married. His wife was of an equally poor family. As marriages go they had their hard times at the beginning. "When the first child came, I did not know how long we would be getting out of debt to the midwife and the druggist. And when I began to think of many long years of this working against odds I was on the point of listening to the advice of some of my neighbors—not to have any more children. How glad I am now that I did not listen to them!" So much from the mother. When the second one came they faced the same difficulties, but with more courage because they had succeeded in the first endeavor. And so it went on from year to year till now they were about to celebrate their 25th anniversary as husband and wife. There were fourteen children in all. And these sturdy partners in life would not part with one of them for all the world. With each new arrival their blessings increased—and now they had all they wanted and a bit to spare for "the rainy day."

What kept them doing their duty to God and their country all these years? Let them talk for themselves. Said the father: "Father, it was our trust in God and His Blessed Mother." And the mother added: "And it was the Help of Christians; or, as we have the picture in our Church, the Mother of Perpetual Help."

No race-suicide there; there was too much religion for that. No fear for the future; too much prayer spiced their lives to let in such a paltry thing.

In conclusion I ask: Has the Blessed Mother's love for us vanished? Or, is it not rather the case that our trust in her has diminished?

Mother of Perpetual Help, pray for us!

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I wish to thank our dear Mother of Perpetual Help for helping me to find a good position. Accept this donation as fulfilling a promise I made if my prayers were heard.—A. R. J.

Catholic Events

One of the best known places of pilgrimage is the shrine of St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, at St. Anne de Baupre, on the banks of the St. Lawrence River. Pilgrimages to this shrine have been almost perpetual, increasing in numbers from 10,000 in 1875 to more than half a million a year. The shrine is in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers since the year 1878. It is the intention of the Redemptorist Fathers of Holy Redeemer Church, Detroit, to conduct a pilgrimage to the famous shrine each year. This year's pilgrimage will leave Detroit on June 24, returning July 4. It will be under the special supervision of Rev. William A. Brennan, C.Ss.R. (1721 Junction Ave., Detroit, Mich.), from whom all information as to details can be obtained.

* * *

The annual retreats for ladies, held under the auspices of the Missionary Association of Catholic Women, will be held this year at Sacred Heart Academy, Madison, Wis., from June 12 to 16th, and at St. Catharine's Academy, Racine, Wis., from July 10 to 14th. Reservations for the retreat should be made at the National Office of the Association, 834 36th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

* * *

The persecution in Mexico still goes on and has called forth deeds of heroism. Recent events that have served to heighten the feeling of the persecuted Catholics are: The indictment of the Mexican hierarchy following the publication of their Joint Pastoral on Catholic Action; the arrest of the Bishops of Huejutla and Tacambaro; the sanguinary outbreak in Zitacuaro resulting in the killing of several persons, the wounding of many others and the arrest of the parish priest, Father Cerda, and some prominent laymen who have been imprisoned in Mexico City; the calling out of Federal troops and the setting up of machine guns in the city streets. In San Luis Potosi men have been shot down in the streets and women and girls are doing their part in the fight for freedom.

* * *

Two of the most striking illustrations of the heroism of women and girls are reported from San Luis Potosi by an eye-witness.

The first is the case of a little girl, twelve years of age, who detained a detachment of mounted guards long enough to give the persons they were pursuing time to escape. She stood in the center of the street with her dress gathered up in her hand and threatened to throw missiles at the guards if they dared to advance. The fact that a group of miners from a nearby village had come to San Luis some time previously with sticks of dynamite threatening to use them if the Bishop was molested, doubtless made the guards afraid to ride past her. When she thought her friends had had time to escape, she dropped her skirt

and said: "I was fooling you. I have nothing to throw, but now you cannot catch the people you want."

Another case was that of a young girl, 18 years of age, from one of the best families of San Luis. When the soldiers mounted a machine gun in the streets in order to disperse a gathering of the people, she went up and clung to the gun, saying: 'Before you hit anyone you will have to kill me.' Her action probably prevented bloodshed.

* * *

The Rt. Rev. George J. Caruana, the papal delegate to Mexico, was expelled from Mexico by the Mexican government; he was allowed six days to leave Mexican territory. Msgr. Caruana is an American citizen. His deportation, declared Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco, "is an affront to his position as a high church dignitary and to his rights as an American citizen."

* * *

Cardinal Bonzano, Papal Legate to the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago, will assist at the consecration of the new Cathedral at St. Louis following the Congress.

One of the features of the celebration of the consecration of the Cathedral at St. Louis and of the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of this diocese, June 29 and 30, will be the presentation to Archbishop Glennon of a pledged fund of \$1,000,000 for the erection of a new diocesan preparatory seminary.

* * *

The first radio transmitting station ever set up in the Vatican, a gift of John Hays Hammond, the American inventor, will be installed in June, it has been announced. Space is being cleared for the plant in the Observatory. The apparatus will be used to broadcast scientific communications from the Observatory and from the Pontifical Academy of Sciences. The Pope, it has been stated, accepted the gift for "scientific purposes."

* * *

Two prominent Catholics were elected members of the national executive board of the Boy Scouts of America at the recent meeting of the National Board of Directors in Washington. They are Daniel Tobin, supreme director and state deputy of the Knights of Columbus of Brooklyn, and Victor F. Ridder, publisher, of New York City.

* * *

The National Probation Association has characterized the probation system established by Cardinal Hayes in New York as ideal in every respect and one of the best in the country. "We believe," they declared, "that it represents the most promising forward step in the extension of real probation service that has been made in recent years."

* * *

The Chicago Evening American is preparing to report the events of the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago in such a manner that its editions during these days will be of special interest to Catholics. Special pictorial sections will furnish good photographs of all spots of interest, the notable prelates, the processions, gatherings and other picturesque events.

Some Good Books

With the Eucharistic Congress taking place in Chicago, this month of June should see a marvelous increase of love and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Hence we take pleasure in bringing to the notice of our readers some new books whose theme is this Mystery of the Saviour's transcending Love for men.

The Living Presence. By Rev. Hugh O'Lavery. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Net, \$1.75; postpaid, \$1.90.

The author of this inspiring volume rightly feels that few of us adequately appreciate the treasures we possess in the Holy Eucharist. In short, pithy sentences he endeavors to bring home to us the intrinsic value of the Blessed Sacrament. With telling effect he marshals his facts, and triumphantly proves that our progress in spiritual things, our success in the work of the sanctification of our own soul or of the souls of others is measured by our diligence in profiting by the graces offered us in the Holy Eucharist.

Thy Kingdom Come. Series III and IV. By Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S.J. Published by Benziger Bros. Net, 30 cents each.

In the Liguorian for June of last year we reviewed Series II, expressing our confidence that they would be read with profit either before or after Holy Communion and at visits to the Blessed Sacrament. By way of addition we wish simply to throw out the suggestion that these handy little volumes could easily be slipped into the traveling bag for use at the Eucharistic Congress.

The Mystery of Love. By the Most Rev. A. H. M. Lepicier, O.S.M. Published by Benziger Bros. Net, \$1.50.

The previously published works of this well-known author, who at present is Visitor Apostolic to the East Indies, give ample assurance of the theological solidity of this new volume from his pen. It contains thirty considerations on the Blessed Eucharist, viewed both as a sacrifice and a sacrament, and to each consideration is added an appro-

priate example taken from reliable sources.

We heartily recommend this book to all our readers, to be used especially during this month of June—the month of the Sacred Heart and of the Eucharistic Congress. As each chapter is divided into three parts and terminated by an example, its contents are well adapted for the daily meditation, for daily spiritual reading, for sermons.

The Eucharistic Hour. Published by Samuel W. Taylor, 531 Poydras Street, New Orleans.

This pamphlet of some thirty pages is a compilation of prayers and hymns appropriate for the Holy Hour. Its use will surely prove an aid to our Catholic people to profit from the time spent in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. In lots of 500 copies, 6 cents each; better prices for larger quantities.

Eucharistic Whisperings. Vol. II. Being Pious Reflections on the Holy Eucharist. Adapted by Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. Published by the Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, Wisconsin. Price, cloth, 50c; leather, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75. Postage, 5c.

Hills of Rest. By Prof. John M. Cooney. Published by the Abbey Press, St. Meinrad, Indiana. \$1.50 postpaid.

A wholesome and delightful story that finds its setting in the hill country of Kentucky. The author—head of the Department of Journalism at Notre Dame University—is a Kentuckian by birth. Little wonder, then, that he can portray so vividly and sympathetically the “once familiar scenes and familiar faces.”

Yes, it is a love story, and in keeping with the time-honored dictum, the course of Danny Lacey's true love ran anything but smooth. But that gives zest to the story, and though you will probably have no great difficulty foreseeing the outcome, you will enjoy the adventures of Danny and Miss Willie Pat.

Lucid Intervals

A Scotsman went to the grocer's for some eggs. "How much are these eggs?" he asked. "Twopence half-penny each," answered the boy; "a penny for the cracked one." "Crack me a dozen," said the Scotsman.

An American was prowling around a Scottish churchyard. His eyes caught an epitaph, "Lord, she was thin." "Say, sexton, what d'ye make of that?" he asked. "That's all right, sir, the sculptor went over near the edge of the stone and didna leave room for the 'e'."

Johnny had used some unparliamentary language, much to his mother's distress. "Johnny," she cried, "do stop using such dreadful expressions. I can't imagine where you pick them up."

"Well, mother," replied Johnny, "Shakespeare uses them."

"Then don't play with him again," commanded his mother; "he's not a fit companion for you, I'm sure."

"Pawson, I'se worried, I is."

"Nigger, fer why is y'u worried?"

"It says in de Good Book dat dere shall be weepin' an' gnashin' ob teeth."

"Yes suh, it do."

"Das right. Den w'at am dis nigger gwine do what ain't got no teeth?"

"Nigger, y'u jes' gwine to clap y'u gums together, an' nothin' else but."

Robert: Dad, this is a lousy watch I have.

Dad: Why, Robert, what do you mean by saying such a thing?

Robert: Well, it's full of ticks, isn't it?

Pedro: Have you ever seen bull fights, Edgar?

Abie: Nah, putt I haff seen chicken pox, Hans.

Lawyer: Well, I served the summons on old Dedbeet in your suit for payment for the set of false teeth you made for him.

Dentist: Was he mad about it?

Lawyer: Mad? Man, he gnashed your teeth at me!

They were discussing Washington's birthday in the history class.

"And why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine, Stanley?" the teacher asked.

"Because he never told a lie," the well informed youngster replied.

A negro went into a bank down South to get a check cashed. He stood in line for a long time and when his turn finally came the teller put up the following sign: "Bank is busted."

"What yo' all mean, the bank is busted?" asked the negro.

"Well it is, that's all," answered the teller, "didn't you ever hear of a bank being busted before?"

"Yes, s'r," came the queer reply, "but I never had one bust right in mah face befo'."

Ole Oleson, in pre-Volstead days, came into a Minnesota village one day, and inquired of the restaurant proprietor: "Got any squirrel whisky?" "No," said the restaurant man, but I can slip you a little Old Crow." "Aye don't want to fly," said the Swede. "Aye just want to yump around a little."

"Look here, Rastus!"

"Yes, Liza."

"I begins t' think yer doesn't love me no more."

"Nonsense, 'Liza; what put dat foolish noshin in yer haid?"

"Why, yer just sit there by the fire and sees me work."

"Why, 'Liza dear! De more I sits by this 'ere fire and sees yer workin' the more I love yer, Honey!"

"The study of the occult sciences interests me very much," remarked the new boarder. "I love to explore the dark depths of the mysterious, to delve into the regions of the unknown, to fathom the unfathomable, as it were, and to —"

"May I help you to some of the hash, professor?" interrupted the landlady.

And the good woman never knew why the other boarders smiled audibly.

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communion, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

Burse of St. Alphonsus (Redemptorist Parish, New Orleans, La.)	\$4,125.00
Burse of St. Mary (Redemptorist Parish, New Orleans, La.)	2,060.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.)	497.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help of St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Calif.)	1,258.50
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.) ...	2,007.00

* * *

Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis), \$1,910.96; Burse of St. Cajetan (Single Ladies of Rock Church), \$3,395.43; Burse of St. Joseph, \$643.00; Burse of St. Francis, Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower; \$2,946.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$201.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Anne, \$652.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$254.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$924.00; Burse of St. Peter, \$237.25; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$3,750.00; Burse of St. Alphonsus, \$20.00; Burse of St. Anthony, \$3.00; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$1.00; Mr. F. Henze Burse, \$750.00; Burse of Ven. Bishop Neumann, \$634.25; Burse in memory of Father McGeough, \$5,000.00.

Books

The Ideal Gift

VISITS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

By St. Alphonsus.

Price: Leather, 60c; cloth,
50c; vest pocket edition: cloth,
15c; paper, 10c.

FATHER TIM'S TALKS

By Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C.
Ss. R.

Vol. I, postpaid, \$1.00

Vol. II, postpaid, \$1.00

Vol. III, postpaid, \$1.00

Vol. IV, postpaid, \$1.00

Vol. V, postpaid, \$1.00

THE WONDER OFFER- ING

By Marion A. Taggart.

Price, 35c.

HOI-AH!

By Irving T. MacDonald.

Price, \$1.25.

THE MASS FOR CHILD- REN

By Rev. W. R. Kelly.

Price, 21c.

RELIGION HOUR. I.

By Rev. J. D. Hannan.

Price, 21c.

LITTLE ST. ALPHON- SUS MANUAL

Price: Leather, 75c; cloth,
60c; paper, 25c.

FATHER WARREN'S BOOKS

Price, 75c each.

The Spirit of St. Alphonsus.
Characteristics from the Works
of St. Alphonsus.

Bible Narratives.
The Local Catholic.

JESUS TEACH ME TO PRAY

Price: Leather, 60c; cloth,
45c; leatherette, 25c; brown
paper, 10c.

AMERICA'S STORY

By William Kennedy and Sr.
Mary Joseph.

Price, \$1.08.

THE LITTLE FLOWER'S LOVE FOR HER PARENTS

By Sr. M. Eleanore.

Price, 20c.

ORDER AT ONCE FROM

THE LIGUORIAN

OCONOMOWOC

Box A

WISCONSIN